OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 18. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, March 27, 1913. Number 52.

JOHN WATSON'S ANECDOTES.

The late Rev. Dr. John Watson better known as Ian Maclaren and the author of BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH. could tell a story with any man. As a Scotchman he was not without some small gift of humor himself, as his books amply show. As a literary man he knew how to put what he had to say so that it want home. In a volume of essays by him, just published, there is an excellent analysis of humor, which is well worth pondering. In illustrating his arguments he gives a few stories which deserve to be retold:

"Peter," said one mourner to his neighbor at the tail of a walking funeral, "div ye see Jamie Thompson walking in the front, side by side wi' the chief mourner. and him no a drop o' blood to the corpse?"

"Fine, I see him—a forward, up-settin', ambeetious body. He would be inside the hearse if he could."

The following conversation between a dying wife and her husband is not too old to be still walking:

"I've been a guid wife to you John, a' thae years."

'I'm no denyin', Jean, ye hav'na been a waster, I'll admit ye has been eeconomical, aud verra attentive to the calves and hens."

"Ye'll no refuse me, then, my last request?"

"I will'na, Jean, if its reasonable, but will hear it first,"

"Well, my mother has taken a terrible notion o' gaein' to the funeral, and I canna get her off it. Noo, John, will ye promise to hev her wi'l ye in the first coach?"

"Oh! women, ask somethin' else. I canna do that."

"But. John, I'll never ask anything else o' ye, Ye micht pit up wi' her, juist for my sake"

'Well, Jean, if you put it that way, I suppose I maun agree; but I tell ye plainly, ye've spoiled the pleasure of the day for me."

A well known Irish judge in giving his usual charge to an Irish Grand Jury said to them: "Gentleman, you will be pleased to take your accustomed place in the Court." To the judge's utter astonishment ten of them went instantly into the dock.

An Irish member of the English Parliament once congratulated an honorable baronet, who had bored the House upon three things. First "upon speaking so long without stopping"; second, "upon speaking so long without saying anything"; and thirdly, "upon sitting down on his own hat without his head being in it."—Book Chats.

Are You Lucky?

One of the greatest troubles with health work is that we do not know, and ean never tell, whose life has been or is going to be saved from preventable disease. All we do know is that in one-sixth of the State 265 people died from typhoid in 1911, and only 162 died from typhoid in 1912. No one knows who the lucky 103 people were. But one thing is certain, if the ravages of typhoid had gone on last year as they did in 1911, those 103 people would not be answering to roll call today. They are the ones that owe gratitude to health work. Are you one of the luckies? If you think you might be, Why don't you try to pass a good thing along and urge more health work in your own town, county and State? You owe it to your fellow citizens,

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

—Position does not make piety, any more the respectability makes righteousness.

—The attainment of truth is satisfaction to the individual soul. But search after truth ends in blessing to after ages.

—The unit of commercial life is a penny—of educational life a single letter of the alphabet, or its equivalent. But the unit of religious life is God. With him it must begin, in him end.

JUST IN TIME.

Now, Elizabeth, don't forget that you don't like soup. You needn't say so, of course. Just don't take any, and if you really want it you can get some in the kitchen while we're clearing away the first course. Bertie, don't you say anything about the size of your plate and Jean's. Of course you have to have a small plates because you're the youngest."

The children laughed merrily, in spite of their older sister's solemn manner. It really was a very serious occasion. The minister was coming to dinner and there were not enough dishes to go round! It meant to extra, for Aunt Maria would there, too, and when there were just five cups and saucers, two extra meant that something must be done. That was why Elizabeth didn't like soup; why Jean was too young to drink tea; and why the two youngest had to have small plates.

"If the china had only come!" said Eleanor. "After having saved all the money, and sent for it and everything, I do think it's mean! Of course Aunt Maria didn't know!"

Eleanor sighed. She was only eighteen. For two years she had had entire charge of five sisters and brothers and their tiny home, and sometimes the burden seemed almost too heavy for her young shoulders. Now the minister was coming to dinner, and the new set of china, which they had all saved their pennies to buy, and had ordered from a near-by factory, had not come!

Rumor said that Aunt Maria was going to marry the minister. As Eleanor straightened up the house on the day of the great event, she wondered wether it was so. If he was going to be one of the family—but, no, it was awful anyway! There wasn't a piece of the old blue china that wasn't either chipped or cracked in some way.

Eleanor finished her dusting and went downstairs. Margaret was making salad dressing and Elizabeth was beating eggs. Even little Jean was laboriously filling saltcellars. All were busy in prepartion. Suddenly a shout came from the porch:

"Hooray, hooray! It's come."

Yes, it really had come. The two boys, smiling and happy, had brought it up in their express wagon.

Eleanor's heart bounded with joy and then sank as quickly. It was only an hour before dinner time and there was already plenty to do. And all that china must be washed!

The eager children had dragged the box into the kitchen—the two boys were already busy with hammer and hatchet, loosening the boards.

"I'm afraid"—Eleanor began, but she hadn't the heart to finish the sentence.

"I'll wash them all, honey." Margaret volunteered, reading the expression of her sister's face. "Everything is ready anyhow and while your upstairs getting dressed we'll wash every one and set the table!"

And so they did. The older girl, after taking one peek at the contents of the big box, reluctantly left them and theo fell to work with energy, I can tell you! Herman and Bert unpacked the dishes, and Elizbeth carried them over to the table, while Margaret and Jean washed and dried them. It was the greatest fun! And there never was a more beautiful set of china.

About half an hour later when Eleanor came down in her new frock and big gingham apron, all ready to finish up the dinner, there was the table all set with eight of everything, and the rest piled neatly on the pantry shelves.

You children all look very happy was the first thing the minister said after the blessing as they began their dinner.

"Indeed we are happy," said Eleanor. But the minister didn't discover until long afterwards, when he was Uncle Joseph, just what made them especially happy that night—The Morning Star.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

WROUGHT IN A COUNTRY MEETING HOUSE.

By Wm. Laurie Hill

PART THREE

Brother Powell was a young man, tall, red-headed, with large mouth and a strong jaw: and above all, a good mind. He had improved his opportunities, and while not really eloquent, was capable of using good illustrations and forcefull language and his sermon was decidedly above the average discource usually heard, in country meeting houses years ago: he had a way of getting close to the people.

His appeal was to the young, who were growing up to take the places of those who were now bearing the heat and burthen of life, and his text was from Ecclesiastes 12-1.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He pictured to them the garden of Eden, when creation was young, and everything was fresh, clean, sinless and pure. The coming of the serpent: the temptation: the fall of Adam and Eve: and their banishment from the only sinless home man ever had.

Then come the first great crime, followed by the murder of Abel and the curse of the murderer: the growth of sin: the scattering of the people, and the confusion of tongues. In the midst of all this sin, comes the wonderful promise of a Redeemer, uttered by the prophets. The ages, pass and in the fullness of time, appears the babe of Bethlehem, the wonderful Redeemer of men, who ends his sinless life on Calvary as a sin bearer: conquors death and the grave, and ascends to Heaven.

Those plain country people, listened to word painting that held them spell-bound: and then came his tender voice pleading that "to the young were given God's brightest promises, and to those who "remembered their Creator in the days of their youth," were given lives of joy and beauty, that bridged every chasm of trial or sorrow, and at last gave them entrance into the glory that awaits the redeemed when they shall put on immortality."

At the close of the sermon an old brother with a sweet voice begun singing "Tis the old time Religion," and in a moment, it seemed that every voice beneath the roof was pouring forth a volume of melody: (not the scientific kind) but it was music to stir the heart, and start the tear of penitence.

At the close of the singing Father Elias Samuel arose and said: "My brothers, sisters and fellow sinners, I told ye in the off start that "we was fenced in by privileges," and that brother Obediah Powell had a message for ye. By the grace of God he has delivered that message and its like "a nail fastened in a sure place." He has told ye "the old old story of Jesus and his love," and now we take down the bars, and bid you poor sinners who have been feedin' on shucks and corn cobs, to come to the green pastures of his grace, and rest by the still waters of his love. We wait, Jesus waits, come! and come now.!

As doves to their windows the young people came, and thefront seats were soon occupied by a score or more of those who were now in earnest about seeking the better way; and old mill meeting, house had possibly never before seen, such a manifestation of spiritual power: so it was determined to continue the meeting for a week.

The afternoon sermon was from Isaiah 55, 1 "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat."

The expectant congregation sat silently gazing into the face of the speaker, and it was a stillness that could be felt, there being only an occasional sob or groan, that gave emphasis to some utterance.

The preacher's rugged face was all alight with the spirits power, as he pictured "the world as a vast desert, "A dry and thirsty land where no water is." How many were following hard after some gleaming hope, until weary, thirsty, and unsatisfied, their parched lips are longing for the life giving waters that satisfy. How many were making life's transcient allurement the aim of their ambition, were bartering eternal glory for a miserable mess of pottage, were trying to build an enduring habitation, that should one day crumble as did the marble palaces of Babylon: while they are neglecting an inheritance, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"To all such, God offers what? forgiveness of sin, a new heart, a satisfied thirst: a glorious citizenship, and all without money and without price." This world said the preacher will soon pass away, and all its glories fade as the autumn leaf.

God's chosen have an abiding inheritance, for the gift of God is eternal life through the Crucified and risen Jesus: Ho! every one that thirsteth come!"

When the benediction was pronounced many gathered around the pulpit to shake hands with Father Samuel and Obediah Powell, and many promised to attend regularly the daily meetings that had been announced to be held at the Mill meeting house during that week.

"Now Father Samuel" said Elder Yardley, you and brother Powell are to stay at my house this week, I am right here at the church and you must not waste so much time and labor in coming and going.

"I want you atleast to share your time with me," said Sister Ann Perkins. "I have a Rockaway, that will take us all quite comfortably, and it is very little over an hour's drive."

"I am in the hands of my friends as the politiciens say, and I am going to let brother Powell decide the matter, although a division of time, looks fair," said father Samuel.

"I have a special reason for desiring both of you at my house," said Mrs Perkins. "Your young man Caleb Chandler, brother Yardley, as Joshua was telling you, had that unfortunate difficulty yesterday, and as he is unable to work for a while, I shall have him spend the time at Swallow Barn."

"I am anxious about him, and am praying that he may be converted at this meeting. Now brother Powell, you have a special work right there, and we must try and get that young man saved." "Ah! Sister Perkins I don't limit the grace of God, but it will take a heap of grace to save poor Caleb Chandler," said Joe Yardley,

"Oh brother Yardley, I fear you undervalue Caleb Chandler, please remember, he never knew a mother's love, nor had a Father's watchful care. He grew up without a home, and has been just drifting about wherever he could get shelter. The few years he was at "Swallow Barn," I learned to love him, and could we only get that great big loving heart of his loyal to Jesus, you would see!" 'God send it Madam! I do not undervalue Caleb Chandler as a worker for I have never seen his equal in my foundry, but I have become quite disheartened as to his ever reforming, although grace can do all things. It is whisky madam! whiskey! that is a curse to the poor fellow, he loves the taste of it, and I am willing to grant, that it is an inherited taste."

"And yet brother Yardley I do not know a young man who has a more determined will than Caleb Chandler. Now let us get that will in harmony with God's will and we have "a new creature."

"Bravo Sister Perkins! you have the gift of Priscilla, who was honored by helping Aquilla to lead the great Apostle Paul into the light," said Obediah Powell, "I will go home with you and Joshua, and we will see if we cannot pray Caleb Chand-

Continued on fourth page.

THE SYRIAN BABY.

By Mrs. C. W. Little.

"A little child shall lead them.

I have had many happy experiences in my work with the Cradle Roll, and have seen many brought into a vital touch with the church through the influence of the baby on the Cradle Roll, but the incident of all others which has warmed my heart and has made the work for this year worth while, even though there were no other rewards, is the one I take pleasure in relating—the story of my Syrian baby.

There came to my house last December a Syrian salesman with oriental goods—beautiful laces and linens. I had bought from him before, and though I did not know his name or history, I recognized in him a gentleman of refinement. I let him display his goods upon my diningroom table. I was interested in his goods, but he was interested more in a sketch of the Holy Land which was pinned upon the wall. Fnally he voiced his thoughts.

"What map is that?"

"Don't you know?" "Isn't this your country up here?" pointing to Syria.

"Yes," he said. "I know. I was born in Damascus. Are you a church worker?"

"Yes," I said.

"Teach a Sabbath-school class?"

"Yes. I drew that map for a class of Junior boys."

"Well, I used to teach in Sabbath school, too, and always went to church, but I forgot my religion when I came to this country.

"What was your religion?" I asked.

"I was a Presbyterian," he replied.

I told him that was my church and that it was too good a religion to forget. Then he gave me such an interesting story of his church near Damascus, of his goood father and mother, of their concern about his religious life and church attendance in this country, and of his hard luck since he came over here as an excuse for falling away from his home training.

"Nobody seems to pray or think about God over here, and so I did as I saw others do. We used always to ask the blessing at home before we ate, but I don't do it any more."

"Why, not?" I said. "Are you not as thankful as ever to the Heavenly Father who supplies your food?"

"Yes but nobody in America does it."

I told him he was mistaken, that there were thousand of Christian homes where they never eat without first giving thanks, but he had not found them. He told me of his wife, an American girl, and then of his baby. I would like you to have seen the tender look in his eyes as he said:

"Oh, I tell you, she is pure joy No matter whether I sell much or little, I go home to her and forget my troubles. I do wish to have my baby brought up in the church. Would your minister baptize her?"

"Yes, gladly," I said, "When you are ready, but you are not living as you should, When you give that Child to God in baptism you pledge yourself to bring her up as his child. You can not do it unless you are living rightly yourself; but I can put your baby on our Craddle Roll and we will be so glad to help you and the mother all we can."

So on Christmass Sunday, along with the story of the Baby Jesus, who came to be the Savior of the world, we talked of our little Syrian baby whose father was born in Damascus, not so very far away from Bethlehem, and we put her name on the Cradle Roll.

The presentation of the Cradle Roll certificate to the mother opened a way for a heart talk with her in her home, and she admitted that she was reared in a Christian family, but had fallen into the ways of her husband. Then I preached a little sermon on her lost opportunity and asked her to come to our church, where we, as fellow Christians, could help them both. There followed talks with the pastor, the remembrance of baby at Christmas time, the message of the "Golden Now" each month, the prayers of those interested, and the Holy Spirit working through all these means. At the Easter communion father and mother came into church fellowship.

Is this the climax of the story? There is a sequel. At a Ladies Aid meeting soon after this I was asked to make a "speech." I told the story of thr dark-skined who had excited the curiosity of some on that Sabbath day when he was received into the church, and said.

"Now he has taken the first stepto better things. Will you do your part to help him in a practical way by giving him your patronage, and will you call upon his wife in a friendly way? If you do not, he will still have reason to believe that there is nothing vital in America Christianity."

They said they would He was furnished a list of fifty names at whose homes he might call and expect to be courteously received at least. He now carries a bigger stock, and I know of several prospective brides whose "hope chests" contain many of his beautiful linens.

He has moved his family from a little down-town room to a comfortakle cottage among wholesome people. Truly the love of a little child touches the best there is in us.—Herald and Presbyter.

WOODROW WILSON, CHRISTIAN.

When Dr. Wosdrow Wilson, President-elect of the United States, was once asked how he contrived to keep himself serene in the midst of so many worries, his reply was: "An elastic temperment and a Presbyterian Church creed." At the time of his presidency in Princeton University, he was a ruling elder in the Second Presbyterian Church of that town. Previous to his appointment to this position, his pastor wrote of him: "He always responds cordially to any call made upon him, and when in town his warm sympathies are with us. On Sunday morning he and his family invariably occupy their pew in our church at all times of the year." Dr. Wilson did not often speak in public on religious topics, but on the accasian of the ter-centenary of the Bible he gave a remarkable address in Denver, Colorado, on "The Bible and Progress," which has been extensiveiy quoted by the religious press. In this address, Dr. Wilson imdressed upon the people that true progress could never be divorced from religion, and there could never be any other platform for the ministers of reform than the platform written in the utterances of our Lord, and Saviour." The closing appeal of the address is worthy of being laid to heart by the people of all nations: "Ladies and gentlemen. I have a very simple thing to ask of you. I ask of every man and woman in this audience that, from this night on, they will realize that part of the destiny of America lies in their daily perusal of this great book of revelation—that if they would see America free and pure they will make their own spirits free and pure by this baptism of the Holy Scripture. —Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N. S.

Son—Pa, what is a partial post?

Pa This is a piece of rotten timber gotten out by Uncle Sam to help (?) the Express Company.

The Doctor.

"And how is your mother?" inquired the parson who was calling at the home of one of his wealthy parishioners.

"She is in her room upstairs. She is very ill""replied his hostess

"You don't say so!"exclaimed the clergyman whose tact wasnot always reliable. "Well I sincerely hope that she will soon be down and out."

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL. Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

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Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, March 27, 1913

EXTRAVAGANCE RUN MAD.

It seems that the niece of one Josiah H. Dewitt only 15 years old cannot get along comfortably on $12,000 a year allowance, out of an income of $50.000 per annum: So she has been allowed $20,000. What any sensible fifteen year old girl would do with twenty thousand dollars a year to spend on self, foolishness, and fashion, is a question no sensible person can answer. When we think of all the poor but worthy girls in the world that would rejoice over, and go well dressed too, on $100.00 a year, and contrast them with this girl of fashion: We wonder what sort of a woman this waster and spender is going to make.

One of the evils of the large fortune is to be seen in the effect it has, upon the children in the homes of the rich.

It is an old saying, "the grand children of the millionaire, are the paupers of their generations" and there is good reason why that should be so. In England the law of Primogeniture was intended to prevent families from losing out. and the rich families in this country try to perpetuate their wealth by will. But the bringing up of a rich man's son in these days, is such as to unfit him to case for, and increase his inheritance: and down goes the grand children, to that level, from whence their grand sirs started.

Extravagance run mad is sure to bring its crop of paupers. Johny Steel who inherited millions in oil wells, and lit cigars with $5.00 bills died a pauper.

THE BARIUM EQUIPMENT FUND.

The campaign to raise 50,000.-00 for the proper equipment of our Orphanage is being waged with all becoming vigor by Rev. R. Murphy Williams, and a score of helpers in different parts of the State,

Results thus far are that we have in sight, in subscriptions about ten thousand dollars, after two months hard work, with good prospects ahead for getting a much larger sum, The back bone of the winter is broken, the spring is coming in all its beauty, and let us hope, that there will be a thaw in the churches that have not yet responded that shall give us a refreshing tide of liberality.

Our good people move slowly, but they don't fail to "get there," and the Synod of North Carolina is going to equip our Home right.

THE MASTER OF FABLES.

Æsop the master of Fable is supposed to have been born about 620 years before the birth of Christ.

Like Homer, when dead, no less than four places, Sardis, Samos, Mesembria and Cotiaeum, claimed to be his birth place He was a wise man, and made himself famous, by collecting all the short stories with a point to them, and putting them in shape for the future publisher. He was so far as we know, the father of a short story, and will outline many of his immatators.

The following is a story with a good sharp point to it.

THE MISER.

A miser had a lump of gold which he buried in the ground, coming to work at the spot every day. One day he found that it was stolen, and he began to tear his hair and loudly lament. A neighbor seeing him said: "Pray do not grieve so: bury a stone in the hole, and fancy it as the gold,

It will serve you just as well for when the gold was there you made no use of it."

There are many rich men, who had as well own stones as gold, for all the good they ever do with their money.

CASH RECEIPTS.

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTERY

Churches

Rocky Mount	10 00
Oxford	5 25
Tarboro	32 46

Sunday Schools

Washington	12 00
A. H. Moment class Raleigh 1st	10 50
Goldsboro	6 45
Rocky mount	10 00
	$86 66

Asheville Presbytery.

Churches

Asheville	11 22
Hendersonville	50
Montreat	1 70
Ora St.	1 20

Sunday Schools.

Asheville	8 29
	22 91

CONCORD PRESBYTERY

Churches

Chestnut Hill	3 28
Marion	25 00
Banner Elk	11 57
Salisbury 1st	15 65

Sunday Schools

Davidson	6 66
McKnnon'	5 52
Concord (Iredell)	4 14
Mortimer	2 05
Thyatira	2 12
Concord	22 02
Cannonville	8 10
Hickory	8 20

Societies.

Ladies Aid So. Lenoir	14 00
	128 31

Fayetteville Presbytery

Churches.

Laurel Hill	25 97

Sunday Schools

Lumber Bridge	3 00
Elise	70
Union	6 50
St. Pauls	10 00
Carthage	20 21
Oakland	1 00
Antioch	2 95
Pittsboro	1 79
Smyrna	4 30

Societies.

Lad. Mis. So. Maxton	7 00
	83 43

Kings Mountain Presbytery

Churches

High Shoals	1 00
Bessemer City	11 00
Lincolnton	15 00
Lowell	60 00
Belmont	108 50

Sunday Schools.

Forest City	1 66
Shelby	5 99
Dallas	1 75
New Hope	5 69
	210 59

Mecklenburg Presbytery

Churches

Monroe	10 00

Sunday Schools

Sugar Creek	31 00
Pineville	4 15
Huntersville	3 75
Westminister	6 00
Seversville	3 45

Societies.

Christian Endeavor. Williams Memorial	1 90
	60 25

Orange Presbytery

Churches

Winston 1st	50 00

Sunday Schools

Young Men's Bible class	
Burlington	6 66
Eno	2 00
Midway	3 86
Reidsville	18 54
N. Winston	4 56
Lexington	6 81
Flat Rock	1 00

Societies.

Willing Worker N. Wilkesboro	1 00
Light Senders Mis. Reidsville	15 00
	109 43

Wilmington Presbytery

CHURCHES

Whiteville	1 66

Sunday Schools

Clinton	4 05
Croatan	1 00
Wallace	6 63
	13 34

Building & Real Estate

Mrs. M. Alford Maxton	10 00
Laurel Hill	3 50
Mallard Creek	2 50
Williams Memorial	7 00
D. A. McGregor Wadesboro	1 00
Dr. J. M. Covington Wadesboro	1 00
Bethpage	12 95
Laurinburg	225 50
Pleasant Grove	8 00
Henderson	280 00
Albermarle	10 40
Concord (Iredell)	6 50
Front Street	19 75
Maxton	21 50
Aberdeen	25 00
Mrs. H. L. Kornegay Goldsboro	1 00
J. W. McLaughlin Raeford	100 00
J. M. Oates Charlotte 2nd	5 00
C. S. Smart Cooleemee	10 00
L. P. Wilkins Sanford	50 00
Hickory	77 00
W. D. Croom Burgaw	5 00
Friend in Wilmington	2 00
A. McKay Centre	5 00
Lumber Bridge	81 50
A. C. Honeycutt Albermarle	10 00
J.J. Willard Hickory	10 00
R. D. Carr Zion	1 50
G o. W. Hall Hickory	10 00
Red House	5 00
Geo. W. Thompson	5 00
Sanford	77 00
J. D. Gunter Sanford	1 00
T. M. Benoy Selma	10 00
E. H. Miller Chadbourn	5 00
P. M. Brown Charlotte	50 00
High Point	36 00
Geensboro 1st	27 50
Church of Covenant	11 00
Monroe	5 00
Fayetteville S. S.	16 21
Salisbury	726 75
High Point	5 00
J. L. Thompson Lowell	5 00
M. W. Woodside St. Paul	5 00
	$2,023, 06

Press Fund

Mrs. Kate Gills	1 00
" D.E. Boney	1 00
Miss Mattie Griffith	1 00
" Isabel McDougald	1 00
Rev. J. W, Grier	65
Dr. I. F. Hicks	1 00
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T. B. Elmore	1 20
W. S. Caldwell	1 00
Mrs. G. H. Gilliand	1 00
Rev. Jno. M. Rose	75
Mrs. Bettie McMillian	25
J. H. McLelland	1 00
Chas. M. Stieff adv.	2 00
Rev. J. L. Beattie	50
Mrs. C. W. Henderson	1 00
Mrs. M. B. Griffin	1 00
R. S. White	1 00
J. H. Williams	1 00
Mrs. M. E. McKinnon	1 00
Miss Rebecca Scott	1 00
Hugh Monroe	1 00
M. A. Abernathy	2 00
Mrs. J. H. Watson	1 00
J. W. Fields	1 00
Mrs. J. E. Thomas	1 00
Mrs C. A Clark	1 00
Miss Grace Bates	1 00
Robert Bunn	1 00
Statesville Hdw. Co.	3 75
" Drug Co.	3 12
Miss Kate Monteith	1 00
J. B. Tait	1 00
Miss M. S. Beatly	1 00
Rev. M D McNeil	50
Mrs. S. C McFayden	1 00
" Geo S. Ramseur	1 00
C.C. Reid	1 00
R. M. Freeland	1 00

Continued on page three.

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All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.:
"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

On the expiration of the time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year longer. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

Thursday, March 27, 1913

HOME HAPPENINGS

One of our larger boys, Ashley Jackson met with quite an accident on last Friday. He was standing on a log cutting another log with an ax, when it glanced, and cut a gash on his foot near the instep. The wound bled a good deal, but Mr. Walker got him to the Infirmary promptly, and Dr. Adams was phoned for. The Dr. soon got here, and dressed the wound, and Ashley is getting along all right.

We got the frazzle end of that big storm that has been destroying things in the West, on Friday forenoon. A very black cloud appeared in the West, and came up rapidly, accompanied by high wind and heavy rain, It did not last long, and we were much relieved that the storm was mild, for the cloud looked very angry. "Behind a frowning providence, God hides a smiling face."

We have quite a violent attack of base ball. Every boy on the Campus seems to have either a ball or a bat: And there are quite a half dozen teams large and small, playing at once during recess. Even the girls have taken to ball and bat, and one has to keep a sharp look-out, to keep from getting a crack on the head as he passes along the Campus, near these wonderful teams. In playing base ball it takes two balls to make the game, although they are spelt differently, one is the ball you pitch and the other the bawl you bawl, and there is a lot of the latter done.

The indications are that we shall have but a few pears this year. The trees are putting out leaves, but few blooms. Nature is very wise, last year we had "a bumper crop," which was a hard sprain upon the vitality of the trees, this year Mother Nature says, rest up a bit.

Fortunately we canned a large stock of pears last fall that will help very much the tide over another winter.

Our Barium boys had a match ball game with the boys of Troutman Graded school on last Saturday on our ball ground. Quite a crowd attended, and it was the most orderly crowd we ever saw on our Campus. Our boys were in good form, and while they were out classed in size, they were up to the mark in play. At the close of nine innings the score stood 30 to 11 for Barium. Paul Sykes was in the box for Barium, and proved a most successful twirler. The batting was good.

On last Saturday morning about 6:30 as we sat down to breakfast, Mr. Walker came in and told the children, "it was just the hour for the Moon's total Eclipse and all who wanted to see it could step out on the Campus." There was a general stamped, but a glance was quite enough for some of them, and the seats at the tables, were quickly re-filled again.

Our milk boys were a little slow in getting the milk to the dining room during the eclipse and it was suggested that the milk had gone into an eclipse, but it come up allright.

The only objection to beanshooters and small rubber balls is, that our windows suffer. The boys beg so hard for balls, and all boys love balls.

We have often when a boy, found an old rubber shoe, and with that, and the ravelings of an old sock, we would construct a ball, and now, when we can get one for five cents, it looks hard that they should not have them. We will have to venture on a few balls, and watch our windows.

Last Sunday was an ideal Spring day, with just enough edge on the air to let us know that March was still here.

The Sunday school and Church attendance was large and Mr. Walsh gave us a fine sermon from James 4:7-8 "Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you, Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you."

Concerning the Foreign Mission Debt, we have a Suplementary report to make. In our last report, Lttle Joe's church had subscribed and paid in about $300 Since then we have increased our contribution to $321-30 and we think there is more to come. Our children have contributed a goodly share of this money by their own work. Some by the talent plan, others by industriously working, and selling articles of their own make. Others by self denial. We again ask our friends all over the Synod, does orphanage work pay? Is not every dollar you invest at Barium bringing a wonderful revenue?

Rev. C. W. Irvin (pastor of Mulberry and Amity churches) and his wife, sent the home last week, about 33 beautiful little Rhode Island baby chicks.

They came in pretty good shape and the little fellows are doing well.

Our Suncrest Poultry Yards will set an Incubator this week.

A MESSAGE FROM BARIUM WORKERS

In the last issue of Our Fatherless Ones there was a brief statement made of the Livingstone Celebration at the Presbyterian Orphans Home in Little Joe's church, and in this statement the different amounts contributed by the Bands, Society and church was given. In addition to this amount over $170.00 was given Christmas by the children and workers of the Home and the members of Little Joe's church for the Foreign Mission debt. This from a charitable institution of the church might lead some people to feel that more money is handled here by the children and workers than in most homes and churches, and to avoid making a worn impression this article is being written in explanation.

Last fall when several Mission Bands were organized among the children, the leaders of these Bands felt that it would be best for the children to have something definite to work for and in this way teach them the blessing of giving and helping others. About this time an article came out in the church papers urging the Societies, churches and individuals to put forth some special effort for the lifting of the debt from our Foreign Mission Board. It spoke of the Bands each trying to raise as much as $5.00 and how much it would aid in this great work if all the Bands in our Southern church would raise this much. We at once began work to this end. The leaders of the Bands furnished the material and aided the children in making articles which we put on sale in Statesville. As a result over $17.00 was realized from this sale. At Christmas the talent plan was taken up by most of the leaders of Bands and by one of the Sunday School teachers. The Band leaders bought material again and aided the small members of their Bands to make numerous articles which were sent off to friends in Charlotte, Winston and other places for sale. This was done at no small sacrifice to the leaders of the different Bands, both in strength and material things. Practically every worker in the Orphanage has his or her hands and heart full all the time and extra work means extra tax on mind and heart however, this work was done willingly and gladly both for the children's sake and for the great cause we are trying to aid. Every article made was sold and the amounts realized from this sale, added to what was made before Christmas, gave each Band a nice sum when the time came for the celebration.

As an Illustration of some of the sacrifices made to accomplish this end, some of our larger girls when given fruit in the dinning room saved it to make salid to sell. A number of children on the last day before the celebration brought the last penny they had to be given for this cause. As has already been said, before our offering at Christmas, many of the children and workers denied themselves the pleasure of giving Christmas presents that they might give on the Debt Fund.

What has been done by our small church and the children here in the Home could be done by almost any church in our Assembly or Synod. If all the churches in our Assembly gave in proportion, taking into consideration that most of our church members are ophan children, the debt would be wiped off our church with a big surplus. We have no desire to boast of what has been done, but trust that the enthusiasm and devotion to the Master's cause, and the expression of such devotion in efforts made to advance His kingdom, may be an incentive to other churches and Societies in our beloved church.

Yours in the Master's service,
Barium Workers.

CASH RECEIPTS.

Continued from page two.

John Blue	1 00
W. G. Jarrell Machine Co. adv.	5 00
A. A. Leitch	1 00
H. W. Hines	1 00
Rev. J. C. Story	50
Mrs. M. M. Burgin	1 00
" F. H. Russell	1 00
M. H. McBryde	1 00
Miss Clara Finley	75
" Merle Snyder	75
" Elizabeth Finley	75
" Louise Vyne	75
" Carrie Pilson	75
Mrs. B. R. Holden	1 00
R. D. Carr	25
John Sterling	1 00
C. A. Jenkins	1 00
W. S. Weatherspoon	1 00
E. B. Neave	1 00
R L. Wright	1 00
Mrs. W.G. Rutledge	1 00
Mrs. W. A. Potts	1 00
Miss Cilla Summers	1 00
Mrs. T. G. Faucette	1 00
W. W. Burke	1 00
C. H. Fetzer	1 00
W. B. Williams	2 00
A. L. Hawkin	1 00
A. J. Jones	1 00
Mrs. J. A. Wadsworth	1 00
Mrs. Hester Lonon	1 00
Francis Womack	1 00
R. K. Presnell	1 00
Miss Janie McLeod	1 00
B. R. Sellars	1 00
A. E. Rankin	1 00
Miss Effie McRae	1 00
" Alice K. Ward	1 00
" Bessie G. Finley	1 00
Mrs. L. P Tyson	1 00
" Jno. Tillman	1 00
" R. F. Campbell	1 00
" Chas. Rankin	1 00
" S. M. Patterson	1 00
" E. B. McIver	1 00
" W. W. Rippey	1 00
" W. W. Lasley	1 00
" J. B. Hanna	1 00
J. W. Shepherd	2 00
J. H. Currie	1 00
J. P. Mills	1 00
R. Dr Barker	1 00
Mrs. J. W. Hager	1 00
" J. E. Thompson	1 00
" M. S. Dupuy	1 00
" J. E. Sherrill	1 00
" F. L. Fuller	1 00
" T. B. Bailey	1 00
P. D. Watt	1 00
A. J. Richburg	1 00
C. M. Norfleet	1 00
L. P. Thomas	1 00
	$136 72

Summary of Cash Receipts For February.

Albermarle	86 66
Asheville	22 91
Concord	128 31
Fayetteville	83 43
Kings Mt.	210 59
Meckenburg	60 25
Oranage	109 43
Wilmington	13 34
Individuals	86 25
Building & Real Estate	2,023 06
Press Fund	136 72
Total	2960 95

—There are still many men of many minds, but the one mind that counts for eternity is the "mind that was in Christ Jesus."

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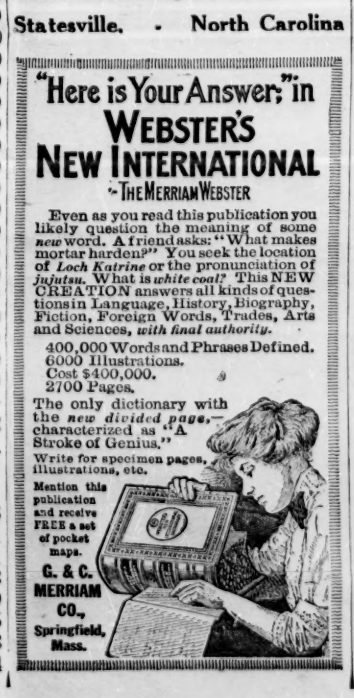
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Everything in the Hardware Line

A MODERN MIRACLE

Continued from page one.

ler into the Kingdom,"

"Well! this is not the division I called for Sister Perkins, but I submit, Father Samuel will bide with me, and we will send Brother Powell on the way to Damascus to meet another "Saul of Tarsus," and may God bless his efforts."

Soon the congregation begun to scatter, and brother Powell taking the back seat in the Rockway with sister Perkins, while Joshua with Agnes beside him, did not find it hard to pursade "old Sandy, to go at a lively gait toward Swallow Barn where he know a good stall, and abundant feed awaited him.

Uncle Daniel and Bill had attended preaching at the "the Mill meeting house" that morning, and returned to Swallow Barn at the Dinner hour, that they might tell Aunt Phoebe about the wonderful preacher that old Father Samuel had "fotch dere from de college" and also to look after necessary duties about the place.

"Say old 'oman you jes ought to er been dere: dat man, he jes walked about amongst de golden candle sticks. He done brought Billy to de light: dere want no gitten away from de Gospel he preach. He jes say "Remember thy creator in de days of thy youth," come! and come now! and de mourners jes flocked into the Kingdom.

"Bless de Lawd! Daniel, I'se been praying for Billy, an my pray'r is answered.

"Is Miss Ann gwyin ter fetch dat preacher home wid her?"

"I spec she is Phoebe, so we better hustle! an' have everything ready when de gits here" "Does you know Phoebe, dat triflin Asahel Case, knocked Caleb Chandler clean outen his senses yistidy in Wilton? and Mr. Josh he gwying ter fetch him out ter "Swallow Barn" termorrer." "So I hear miss Ann say Daniel, well we is got plenty of eatins fer Miss Ann done been gittin ready fer dis 'tracted meetin most a week; so you an Billy come into de kitchen an git yo dinner."

When seated around their plain pine table uncle Daniel returned thanks, and Aunt Phoebe proceeded to question Billy as to his faith.

"How does you feel my son? does you feel as if you had underwent a change?"

"Why mammy, my sperit feels as light as a hummin bird, all dat ole cussedness is gone, an I loves evybody in de world. Dat preacher tell me, all I got to do is "trust de "Lawd, and obey what he tell me. Dey tuck Jesus an crucify him fer my sins, now, he bear it all an I go free. If dat aint enough ter make a poor creature happy, dere aint any happiness in dis world." "Dat's so child! Bless de Lawd.! Now Billy, dont git too bigoty, de Debil is mighty smart, he come an' say "Billy you's saved now, an got nothin ter do but ride on to glory, in a Swingin chariot, without any wuck.

Dat's his lie my boy, you must watch an pray, and wuck: tell other folks about it. fer hits a mighty poor religion dat folks keeps ter theirselves."

"Aint dat de truth Phoebe!" exclaimed uncle Daniel. "Why I'se knowed folks dat b'long to de church years and years, an nobody ever konw'd it from dem."

"Well! preacher Powell aint dat way Mammy, evey'body whar he goes along, knows jes whar he stan's an he is always callin Come! come:! de Debil dont lak him even a little bit."

Christian principle always make a consciencious laborer, and uncle Daniel and Billy looked with scrupulous care after the needs of all the dumb creatures about the place, and had everything in order for the arrival of their mistress and her guest.

"Yonder de comes now Billy! an "ole Sandy" moves jes as spry as if he did'nt have a heavy weight preacher aboard. run an open de big gate." Billy quickly obeyed, and soon Mrs Perkins and Agnes, had entered the quaint low roofed porch, followed by the Rev. Obediah Powell who seemed greatly pleased with his first view of this quiet Hyco home.

Meanwhile Joshua made his usual evening rounds, to stable and pens, and had a pleasant chat with uncle Daniel and Billy about "the big meeting."

There was an interval between sunset and dark (the sweet twilight hour) that was spent by Agnes, Joshua and Mr. Powell on the vine clad porch, where they had a view of the distant hills of Hyco, covered over with living green: and the beautiful glow of a bright sun-set; while far away in the west was to be seen the sheeny crescent of a new moon. "I have often thought" said Mr. Powell, "that the Lord was especially gracious to us in the month of June, for his smile is over everything, and all nature seems to wear its brightest, freshest garments. What can be more beautiful than these blue hills of Hyco; "the valley's also are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing."

"It is very beautiful Mr. Powell, and I think our view from this porch is lovely. Sometimes I gaze upon it, and think of all the sin there is in the world: then I think of those lines in Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn. "Though every prospect pleases. And only man is vile." But for old Father Samuel, brother Joshua, and a very few more, I should lose all faith in men.

"Don't be so hard on the men my dear Miss Agnes, I know we are a hard lot, but the grace of God could take that rough fisherman Peter and make of him a strong rock. The same grace took that great persecutor of the church Saul of Tarsus, and made of him, the greatest of the apostles.

"I have seen so many modern miracles wrought by the grace of God. I begin to see an angel in in the roughest looking human being you can bring to me.

"It was Michael Angelo who saw the Angel in the rough block of marble, and set it free: you have a great mission Mr. Powell.

"We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that excellency of the power maybe of God," and not of us, Miss Agnes. "I never see a human soul all marred by sin, that I do not try to turn the light of the Gospel on him; show him himself, then show him what the grace of God will make him."

"It is all of grace, and I am so anxious to meet your friend Caleb Chandler, for from what I hear of him, he would be a great power for good, if he will only aecept God's terms, and consecrate heart and life to his service. "Well! I shall have Caleb here by twelve o'clock to-morrow Mr. Powell. I shall start to Wilton just after sunrise, and I shall lose one of your sermons, which I regret, but I am in the line of duty. We must get Caleb Chandler strong enough to attend these meetings, for I am quite sure that just now, is a crucial period in his life" said Joshua.

Continued in next issue.

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